

→ a  
**struggle**  
→ with  
**self-identification**

achievement vs. adjustment

The sense of self is deficient  
in today's society due to a  
lack of strength of character.  
QUEST FOR IDENTITY\*ALLEN WHELLS

Conflict originates in social  
change, because we are unsuited to  
our personal realization of ourselves.  
Constant change forces us to be more  
aware of self perception and demands  
that we be alert to all change.  
Contention comes in the revelation  
of the belief that there are no  
fixed points of reference to  
which to return for guidance.  
They force such basics as morality  
and intelligence to revolve around  
these changes.

The sense of self can best be  
defined as "a sense of wholeness, of  
integration, of knowing what is  
right and what is wrong and being  
able to choose." Today, right  
and wrong are relative, causing a  
realistic chaos. Integration becomes  
important. Today's personality is  
a publicity of microscopic details  
being broadcast individually and  
without unity. The days of the  
stereotype are gone. Only one side  
of an individual is visible at one  
span.

Despite confusion as to which  
self-identification to conform to  
man has discovered a knowledge of the  
elements of which he is constituted.  
Man's easiest solution is to attempt  
to set himself apart from his imme-  
diate environment. By judging his  
behavior and by analyzing his emo-  
tions he may delve into his problems  
and find a workable solution.

It is important to realize that self  
self-identification is more than an  
ostentatious manner. I write, but I  
am not a writer by identity. Esthetics  
is not an identity but an integrated  
segment of a personality. Interacting  
each part in a surreality.

And surrealism is an absolute.

And there is no such thing as  
an absolute.

Judy Dandor



MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF ART

# newspaper!

This is a newspaper, supported by the  
S.A. It is not an art and literature per-  
iodical. Because it is a newspaper and  
Mass. Art abounds in news, our first issue  
was a very poor effort. We apologize.

It is bad to have a staff such as the  
Intaglio now has. The main reason for this  
statement is that the staff feels that the  
news in Mass. Art is the opinions, poetry,  
prose and art of the students. We're sorry  
that we think as artists rather than news-  
men.

It is sad to be printing something  
for the school which the school doesn't  
even want. And again we must apologize,  
for this issue will run more or less true  
to the form of the other issue. Why do  
we persist? We're egotists. This paper  
is a device for us to express ourselves.

But we're not all bad. Please don't  
condemn us too quickly! We print all the  
news we can get that doesn't get stale be-  
tween issues. And in the future we'll try  
to print the news that you really want.

Susan Berube

Are "intelligence" tests  
necessary and/or valid?

"The only yardstick  
fit to measure an  
Intelligence with, is  
another Intelligence."

- Jacques Barzun

"Teacher in America"

GRACE  
OF THE  
MONTH

# WORK-STUDY TO BE AVAILABLE FOR STUDENTS

Dr. Bertolli has approved application for federal funds under the Work Study Program beginning next July 1, 1968.

This means that a number of students will be offered the opportunity to work part time here at the College starting in July.

There will be some summer jobs available on a regular forty-hour basis, and also part time jobs involving approximately fifteen hours each during the Fall, 1968 and Spring, 1968 semesters. Students working fifteen hours part time could earn approximately \$25.00 per week.

The jobs to be done by the students under the Work Study Program will include maintenance, clerical, library, and other school-related activities.

The number of jobs available to students will depend on the money approved by the federal administrators of the Work Study Program. We will receive word of the amount approved some time next spring. At the same time students interested will be asked to complete applications and return them to the General Office.

The Work Study adds an important third dimension to our College's Student Aid Program. Starting in July, 1968 we will continue to have the Educational Opportunity Grant Program, the National Defense Loan Program, and in addition the Work Study Program.

The result will be a greater amount of financial aid available to students here at the Massachusetts College of Art.

Richard P. Marrs  
Assistant to President



Linda Clinton

Drink this wine of dinner with me  
Is this a with me wine?

or

a

dinner wine?

Knapp

GO

COLORED  
DON'T



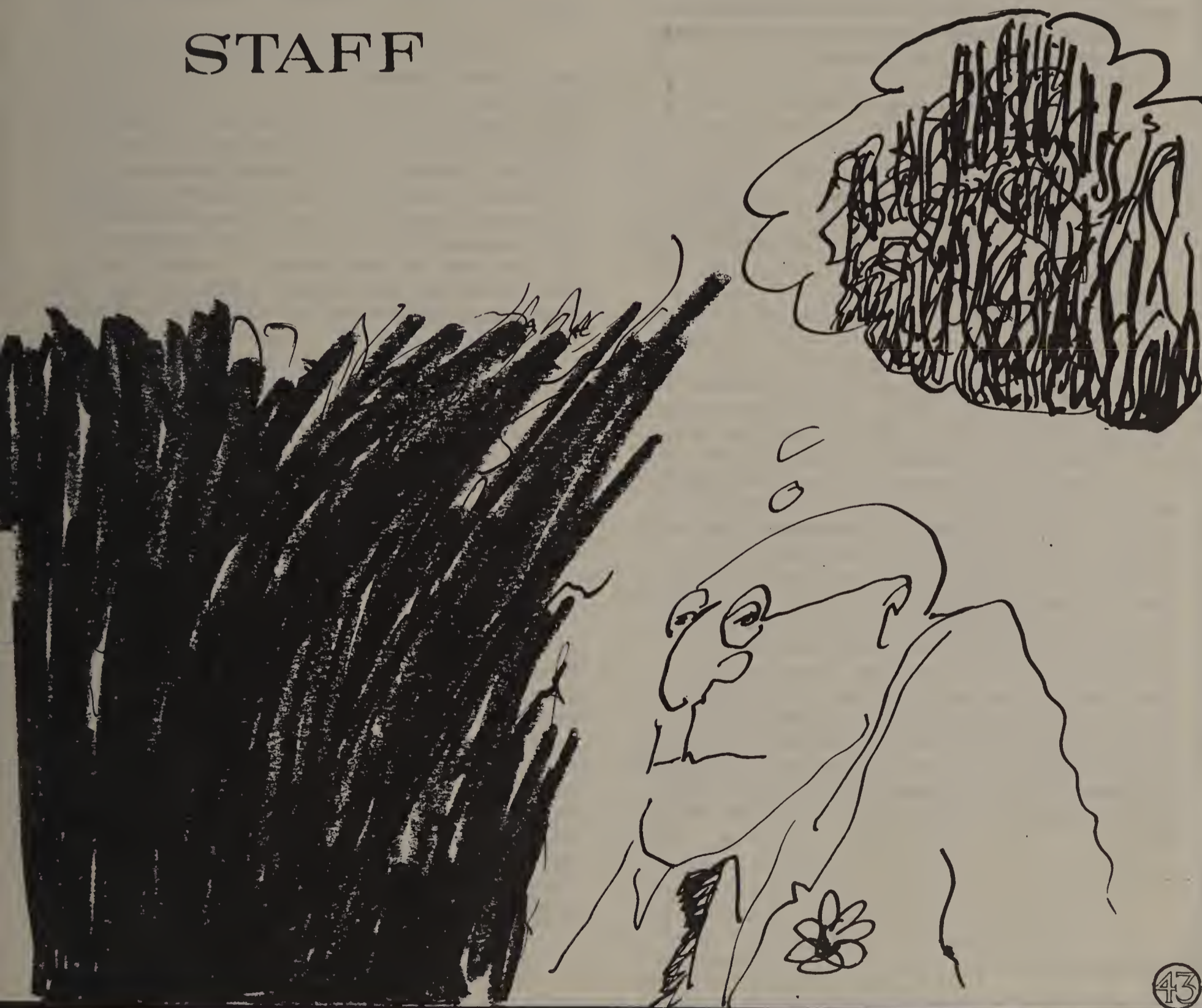
R. WILSON



# help

## THE INTAGLIO STAFF

We take this space and opportunity to welcome to the ranks of faculty John Thornton who recently assumed Mr. Covert's drawing classes. Mr Thornton has previously taught at Mass. Art instructing in both painting and drawing and assisting in Junior and Senior painting departments. In addition he has exhibited here in Boston and elsewhere, had work accepted by last year's Council on the Arts and Humanities show and designed the sets to the Boston performance of Marat/Sade. Welcome back, Mr. Thornton!



YOUR  
THUMB  
PRINT  
HERE  
(50¢)

## \*kaddish

\*Kaddish for a Sensative Man

Man: I have a series of questions, Lord.

God: Go ahead.

Man: First, when will man cease thirsting for another man's blood?

Secondly, when will man return sex to its rightful place (the bedroom)?

Third, when will people stop escaping from life?

Fourth and finally, when will we all learn eternal rights from eternal wrongs?

When, Lord of Hosts, When?!!

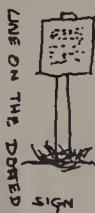
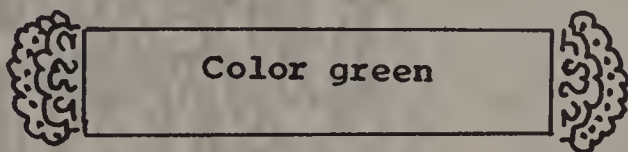
God: Never, Man.

Man: Why?

God: Because you are you and not me, stupid man. Also, you ask too many questions.

Moral of story: Play supreme being, make your own rules, and have a miserable life; see if God cares!!

\* the Hebrew prayer for the dead



# water ○○○

Standing there like an unaltered-found-object, girdled with an unconnected electric cord, it almost blends into the background unnoticed, gathering dust and being less than useless. What is it? If you haven't already guessed it's the hot and cold water fountain in the cafeteria. How it could have fallen into a state of irreversible disrepair is unfathomable. The fact would not be so cruel if we didn't know that it was once used and placed there with the best of intentions but its presence is a reminder to us of what we are missing: the opportunity to brew our very own tea, coffee, soup or what-you-will at a great saving of pence. Upon approaching it this fall I was told by a cafeteria attendant that it would be replaced soon by the administration. We're still waiting.



You say that you're better than no one and no one is better than you; If you really believe that you know that there's nothing to win and nothing to lose.

Bob Dylan

Sign on the dotted line

## PARKING TICKET SYSTEM IN EFFECT

FINES TO GO INTO STUDENT SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Mr. Marrs, Assistant to the President, has announced a new system of tagging cars illegally parked in the college parking area which began February 1st. Any cars without a proper parking decal will be tagged. This means students or anyone else who has not been assigned a space. Also, cars with decals which are improperly parked will be tagged.

A copy of the ticket issued in each case goes to the Roxbury District Court. Each parking violation calls for a \$2.00 fine.

Fines paid by parking offenders will be collected by the District Court and sent to the Division of State College's office where it will be put into a scholarship fund for Mass. Art students.

The objective in installing this parking ticket system, which is already in effect at Framingham and Fitchburg State Colleges, is to keep reserved parking for those students and faculty who have been assigned spaces.

A great many people not connected with the college use our parking facilities without regard for those students and faculty. The tagging system should help remedy this situation and at the same time provide some scholarship funds.

Mr. David Wilcox has been appointed a Special Police Officer with the power to make arrests for any criminal offense committed in or upon lands used or owned by the college. He will be responsible for issuing tickets and carrying out the procedures involved.

Mr. Marrs

# CANON FODDER \*



First let me begin by stating that these views are my views and of course will be right or wrong to you. They are my deductions based on my observations and intuitions, however misconceived, biased, or unstudied as is your right to consider them. Of course, I would be gratified if they co-incide with the majority. That would give me the self-assurance which everybody seeks. But if they do not, of course then I have only told you something which does not mean anything to you and have sinned only in wasting space which could have been used more productively to the commonweal. Nevertheless, it is my opinion that my opinions do co-incide with some of yours, otherwise you would not see this.

I have talked with many students, and their opinions of the administrative policy of this school seem to me to be decidedly skeptical of its effectiveness in affording them the educational environment they feel they deserve. Now immediately any one who reads this and agrees with the present policy will say "Students will always complain about authority," or "On what basis do they set themselves up as determining what is best for them?" And of course I do not deny that these must be taken into consideration. Even after taking into account some opinions which were immature or unconsidered to me, I am still left with a good strong number of individuals who seemed to be sincerely concerned with the problems and were not too apathetic to try and do something about them. Some, like myself, are in various areas of student representation, such as the paper or the SA. Others were adamant in their views but were seeking an expressive means of action. But the greater number are bewildered and confused, doubtful of any results they could bring, often preferring to "escape" to their work routines or other activities in the face of problems which admittedly seem formidable. This might constitute apathy to some, depending on their definition of the term, but to me it is much more serious. It is a hopelessness and resignation which negates improvement in any democratic sense. I also cannot rule out the possibility that I am wrong; that perhaps most of the students are not concerned with the way they are being educated; that they have no doubt or inclination to doubt the way in which they are administered. But I choose not to believe this.

Few would disagree, I believe, that this is a time of change for the school. Many restrictions and programs of the past have been done away with and some degree of increased stimulative freedom has resulted. I feel that these beginnings should, and will, be extended in the future. Not only should the student be allowed to wear boots in the halls and sport a well-trimmed little beard if he likes, but he should be afforded the opportunity of choosing -and being able to get-electives which are consistent with his major; he should be able to work longer than class hours permit if that is his inclination; also he should be aided by instructors who can foster that inclination. He should not be given a voice in administrative affairs which is effectual only so long as it is allowed to say only what it is expected to say and is otherwise ignored.

This latter statement is a plea heard on most if not all campuses in this country today, which, far from making it a typical idealistic student fancy, is a serious indication of the rising necessity, in our own little corner of the academic world as well as elsewhere, of student participation. Now, Mass. Art is not Berkeley; nor is it RISD or Pratt; this, perhaps, is to our advantage. Large numbers of students such as make up those schools obviously raise administrators' apprehensions. This school, however, is more personal. There is opportunity here for the student to truly know his faculty members and understand them as individuals. Hopefully, we are not controlled by any ambiguous bureaucratic behemoth of directors and trustees who are unreachable, whose interests lie somewhere outside their indications.

I am not going to now paint a rosy Utopian picture of what student-administration harmony could mean to this school and its students. The time for that has not come; nor is it even yet foreseeable. The time has come, I believe, however, for an opening of less restrictive inter-communication and understanding of both parties involved. The actual goals of both students and administration as to policy must be explored, charted, and opened for settlement. Unless some first step is taken, we remain directionless in an unreal wasteland with only one step needed to start on the way out.



"Lesbos"

Cornelia McSheehy

Cornelia McSheehy  
"Lesbos"  
(9"x10")



Myles Corey  
"Avery at his leisure"  
(10"x11")



Donald Sullivan  
9x12"



Brahms  
Fruit  
5x8"

# stlpmop

judy dandor frank osereko wendy hall barbara duval bill lapete john butler tom burke camos kirkeguard jim stamatelos  
tate billings  
susan berubee





Brickbuyers- dirty windows  
 set a very dull overcast sky  
 on well-done rooftops; Brookline,  
 ketchup, and an onion  
 underneath  
 treetops over the next house, very nice.  
 more so the backyard sparrows,  
 (the trees were only alive in the summer,  
 and I never liked here then-)  
 the sparrows, as I was saying  
 talked all about the rain, or  
 the greedy pigeons, or mornings;  
 about the neighborhords stale  
 and I never but spit on 'em.

John Dick

"The most dangerous temptation: to be  
 like nothing at all." Canus

## NAEA

In an effort to escape the doldrums that most organizations in this school succumb to, the MCA chapter of the National Art Education Association is planning a vigorous membership campaign and an active program. Under the enthusiastic leadership of John Costello, three committees have been formed to get things moving... membership, constitution, and program.

Membership in the organization provides the member with and involvement with the art education profession both nationally and locally. The national association publishes monthly journals which are edited to present a balance of review on research, activity, fine arts, and new methodology. The MCA chapter attempts to bring in the personal involvement.

The program committee is outlining a plan for a series of seminars and roundtable discussions with people in the field, student-teachers, and perhaps directors. The idea of inciting a discussion between two or more well known people with opposing viewpoints has also been proposed.

The membership committee is concentrating on expanding the membership to schools like Emmanuel, Wheelock, and the Museum School, and stimulating membership within MCA's own Art Education department. It is hoped that MCA can send a large delegation to the National N.A.E.A. Convention in New York in April.

Elaine Lally

# fashion!

In his book Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry Jacques Maritain reminds us that art has its roots in practical necessity. "Art," he says, "does not begin with freedom and beauty for beauty's sake. It begins with making instruments for human life... Art must never forget its origins..."

The Venus of Willendorf, a bulbous pebble carved by primitive man to insure fertility, was created to meet a need. Today we consider such sculpture primitive art. In modern times, clothing is a primary necessity, just as the Venus was to the caveman. But more often than not, fashion is sneered at when mentioned as a form of art expression.

"It's so commercial! How can it possibly be art?!"

A painting's validity as art isn't questioned. After all a painting isn't a necessity. It can be admired purely for its aesthetic worth. No one wants fashion design to be considered a fine art, because it simply is not, but an appreciation of it as a commercial art is not too much to expect.

T.S. Eliot in his essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent" said that art doesn't change, the material does. Take painting today. We seem to be getting away from easel painting and leaning more toward textural 3-dimensional paintings, paintings therefore becoming sculptures. What is a well-designed garment if not a sculpture? The same creative process active in the mind of a sculptor is active in that of a fashion designer. And, after all, Maritain ultimately defines art as the "creative process", not the object actually produced.

Michael Harrington

S.A.

S.A. Lecture Series:

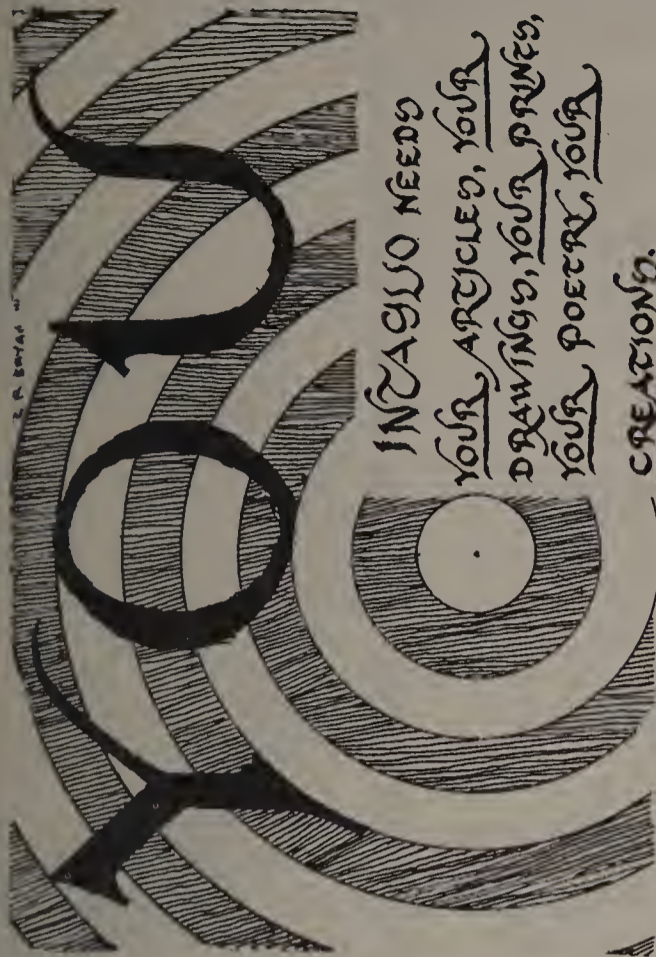
Friday, Feb. 16, at 11:00, the dance department of The Boston Conservatory of Music will present a program consisting of jazz and modern ballet.

All programs are scheduled for club periods on Friday to make them available at a time when all students are here.

Dave Hawkins

S.A. President





INAGLU NEEDS  
YOUR ARTICLES, YOUR  
DRAWINGS, YOUR PRIZES,  
YOUR POETRY, YOUR  
CREATIONS.

WE'RE IN THE D.A. OFFICE IN THE  
CAFETERIA; IF THE DOOR IS CLOSED, YOU CAN  
LEAVE MATERIAL IN THE MAILBOX. YOU.

oak pumpkin watermelon watermelon only  
nothing, cypress cipherous unitary digit,  
taken twice. pine forest, referred to as  
a grove-three red, four virginia; five white  
needles, deadwhite midnight saprophyte indian  
pipe blue appalachian glacial humps drumlin  
drumlin terminal potato gravel; blue aroostook  
fogbound coast moraines greysmoke batcloud  
limehole earth organs ripple electronic  
ridges windup catfish lobsterpegs curlew  
Crane and egret salt marsh channels misery  
mudhole delta sawgrass and hay both burn.

John Dick



Joyce Wells  
5x7"

"Sensations and the world--a mingling  
of desires. And in this body which I  
keep close to my own, I hold this  
strange joy which comes down from sky  
to sea. "

Albert Camus

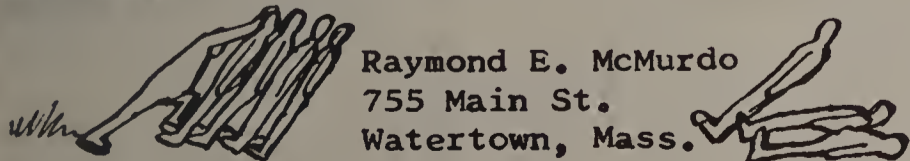
To The Editor:

As far as I am concerned, Gov.  
John Volpe's plan to raise income taxes  
would ruin his career. It must be remem-  
bered less than two years ago he "rail-  
roaded" his sales tax through the legis-  
lature. The sales tax was supposed to be  
the "cure all" for the state's financial  
problems. Is it? Back in 1958 the  
state of Taxachusetts started the income  
tax deduction system. The end of that  
year, the state had a surplus of \$75  
million.

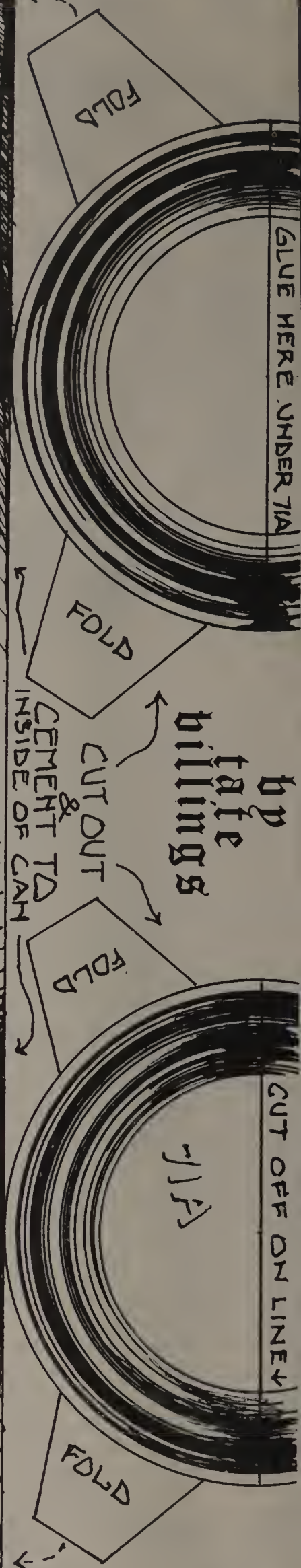
What Gov. Volpe should have done  
was abolish useless state agencies as  
the Maritime college, Militazy Academy,  
Massachusetts College of Art, Massachusetts  
Aeronautics Commission and other "tax-eating"  
agencies. It would be better by putting  
the state's house in order first, then  
asking for an increase in taxes.

There is no need for government to  
be gaudy. The day may arrive, when  
the taxpayer will demand state govern-  
ment be abosished. After all, it is  
inefficient, and has duplicating func-  
tions of the federal government. However,  
I estimate over \$150 billion would be  
saved by the taxpayer if state govern-  
ments were discontinued.

Raymond E. McMurdo  
755 Main St.  
Watertown, Mass.



THIS IS AN EPD PRODUCT



MYOPIA

(Can no. K7PBL 5965D)

"The peaches in this can are Our Finest Quality. TYPE.....Yellow Cling  
They have been specially chosen for their sun- STYLE.....Sliced  
ripened perfection and, at the peak of flavorful SYRUP.....Heavy  
goodness, are carefully sliced and packed in heavy CAN SIZE.....No. 2 1/2  
syrup. These golden segments offer delightful eating CONTENTS.....1 lb. 13oz. (about 3 1/2 cups)  
pleasure." quote: The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea AVERAGE SERVINGS.....6-7  
Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y., Distributor NETWT. 1 LB. 13 OZ.

i have gone around and around seeking the exit but there is none. You see the sides of this can are round. they have no beginning or end so you have to designate that. they have a "top" and a "bottom". if you're on the top of the can then, well, that's where the air pocket is, yes? and the bottom, well, that's where just any old peach can settle. but we're lucky peaches. because we're not just any old peaches. and we're all fighting very hard, yes? but i think our stuckness in the middle of the can a bit peculiar. and maybe we all will make it to the top after all. but you know what then? well, then the air pocket is at the bottom. it is so dark in here.

i remember a little before the Factory, what it was like. i was a blossom then and i knew the light that is how i know the dark now. i knew the Sun and the Wind and the Rain and the Sky. and there were brothers and sisters and cousins and uncles all around me. and i grew wise and firm in the Sunlight and sang with the windy Moom.

others gave themselves to become part of birds or the Ground, to attempt that Miracle of propagating a Tree itself. but i was less fortunate.

and the men ~~old~~ come and broke us. and cast us into lots and brought us there, away from our parents, and showed us of their machines, and tried to make us understand. but i cannot understand.

i cannot understand the Process.

i cannot understand the goodness of Cans.

i do not know what i shall become.

i want to know what i shall become.

but i cannot understand.

i am inside this can, but i am not a part of it, i have not helped it grow or made it strong. i want to be dissolved and to mingle with an Organism and nourish it and grow with it and die with it and mingle again with it in the dust of the Universe. but i am alone even with you all packed about with me. and i'm only a sliced section of what i was earlier. they are sterilizing us. they may decide not to open and free and eat us at all but only to toss us away to rusty darkness. to a slow solitary life of no consequence. well, i will not be a victim of waiting. we will move tonight. yes? to the front.

CEMENT THIS EDGE TO UNDERSIDE OF OPPOSITE EDGE

There is no success like failure  
and failure's no success at all.  
Robert Zimmerman

SITE HERE

# seeds

Ideas don't float around like wispy-tailed seeds until they find a warm, receptive soil. Ideas have to be planted, and all of us have the seeds of millions in us. Every experience we've had is buried within the dark soil of our minds. Sometimes the inspiration works its way to the surface, only to die because it wasn't strong enough to express itself.

Light is necessary for ideas to grow; the light of reason and knowledge, the light of freedom, but most of all the light that already radiates from those ideas already grown. Once exposed to those gentle lights the idea grows, expands, evolves from what it was into something new--strong enough to express itself and defend itself. It gathers its strength from others until it can stand alone, then blooms and pollinates many seeds in the fertile minds of others.

We live in a garden of such strange and wonderful potentials. But something is wrong. At Mass. Art new ideas are slow in coming, and those that have grown don't shed all the light that they should. The students with the great ideas keep their philosophies to themselves. With no communication there is no stimulation to inspire fellow classmates. Most ideas die half-grown as they desperately send roots deeper to find nourishment in their own pitiful soil. The result is a tangled mass of confusion,

A few ideas do grow fast, clutching at the feeble rays of light, until finally they blossom. But disdaining to plant their noble seeds in such dank and murky soil, with one great effort they burst their seeds out of this place, searching for a stronger light.

Meanwhile we die. Not being strong enough to live by ourselves in a very dark garden.

Carol Frappier

- Color red
- Color blue



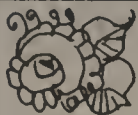
If they ask for me  
Say I had some business  
in another world.

Sokan

## 47 steps to a painting

1. The approach
2. The reconsideration
3. The peripheral examination
4. The peripheral re-examination
5. The post-peripheral re-examination
6. Meditation
7. The semi-approach
8. Hesitation
9. Interruption
10. Disillusionment
11. Moment of inspiration
12. Post inspirational let-down
13. Resignment to work
14. The deep breath
15. The second semi-approach
16. The sorting out of brushes
17. Disillusionment with brushes
18. Acceptance of brushes
19. The germ of the idea
20. Growth of the idea
21. Belief in the idea
22. Living the idea
23. True understanding of the idea
24. Discarding the idea
25. The third and final approach
26. The brushing of imaginary dirt off the the canvas
27. The shuffling of the feet
28. Indecision
29. Tension
30. The plunge
31. The stopping short
32. The coffee break
33. The second cup
34. The staring out of windows
35. The growing hope
36. The tapping of the fingers
37. Ennui
38. Nausea
39. The faint glimmering
40. The expanding hope
41. The emerging purpose
42. The sense of direction
43. Insight
44. Post-insight doubt
45. The approach, Phase I
46. The approach, Phase II
47. THE PAINTING

Richard Clancey



## And So They Die a Little

To be easily hurt by the world,  
To have no defense for life,  
Is more than some souls can bear.  
And so they die a little.

Others are oblivious to the pain.  
Their hearts are cold and bleak.  
But the souls who possess sensitivity  
Are fragile webs of love.

The world does not understand-  
And never will.  
But those who share the secret...know.  
And so they die a little.

Grace Moore

## Grape Stepper's Song

Red feet  
Greet  
My wife at night.

Take straight MBTA connections  
or, as take  
stand in X underground for  
oh my god  
now it's 20 minutes  
is it ever going to come  
goddam am i going to be late  
be clever and lazy and drive in your status-big  
ten mile-a-gallon on freeways  
transcharles superliner  
for drive, read  
sit and fume as your four -seat smoking-room does  
that cop must go off-duty to Washington Street  
or Met State Hospital

does that man have a stuck horn  
is that woman drunk, or merely dead

take comfort in company  
everybody around you is late  
going to be late  
losing two hours of sleep to be on-time  
the people who jammed up the way you didn't go  
are late  
going-on-late.

the people fumbling for tokens for passimeters  
are late

the people fumbling for dimes for parking meters  
are late

the tiddlywinks champion who shuffleboards a hunk of brass for every 20 cents  
is late

the whole damn world

is late

didn't Hieronymus Bosch once do a picture of Boston in the morning  
Boston isn't a city, it's a disease...

## THE TEA ROOM

With elephant grace the parched lady lowers  
her derriere onto the chair. Flesh settles  
in waves, until what I knew must be flapping  
thighs, inflate the shroud she calls a skirt.  
Arthritic starfish tuck a Scotkin in her  
laps, While she occuppies her eyes with the  
butter melting on her muffin.

A second pachyderm rolls ever to the  
reeking of talcum and Yardley violets. The  
guest arranges her buttocks as religiously  
as her friend had done before. Twinkling  
at each other the two finger their beads  
in preparation; each coughs, one squeaks,  
as they commence ping-ponging their souls  
across a circular table.

Filbin

My love was deep and new  
It loved the tight  
The circling two  
The secrets kept by night

The points of flesh advance to meet  
The skin was soft and firm  
As the onward rush of passion  
Engulfed the devil warm

The tongues travailed  
The fingers danced  
The lovers sighed

One feared the crush of arms  
and loosed the hold  
While one was yet entwined  
and feared the cold

As day is light  
Unlike the night  
The happiness of trite  
and infant dreams  
Transforms from black to white  
And love is only what it seems.  
Michael

C. R. BRYAN III

But whose pumpkin?



Color  
white

don't cry, don't cry  
it will not help you to dive  
and life cannot be ignored  
even to free the inside  
is the grand shout to life.  
The last humiliation must not  
be given so easily

Burgess

Three breastless girls dressed in cigarettes  
Strut, stallions, down the street:  
A triumverate of will-be women,  
New myopic to the slime that made three one

Together; their blackness has mellowed  
To milk chocolate.  
And the shit on the sidewalk  
Is ignored.

Their make-believe makes them believe  
For an hour or so,  
Until they go each home,  
Alone,  
To have their coach raped by reality.

Filbin

I spent those next few days  
after you had gone  
Pushing the vineyard with icy stares  
And cheering a blue-faced moon  
As he drove his opponent from the  
sky.

There were tears at his morning burial  
While my mind stoned the sunrise  
And told my eyes of the times  
When traitor sun had blessed  
my dark-haired friend  
And made her laugh in the spring  
green grass.

Mat Anarituonio

#### Gifts From the Sea

You see how easily we fit together  
As if God's own hand had cradled only us  
And this whole beach town's population  
Were but two  
And this wide bed were but a child's cradle  
With room enough left over for presents.  
Tomorrow I'll buy you presents-  
Pomegranates and breadsticks  
Tickets around the room and back  
And red red roses like everybody buys everybody  
Everybody's got a diamond ring  
And Sunday shoes  
Neckties and petticoats  
Pistols and tennis balls  
Everybody gets a sandwich sometime  
And a piece of cake  
And icecream if they're nice  
We've got us.

Rod McEuen

Lear:

veins are webs of simplicity that  
make clouds gather in wonder to see  
stems are handles for the Tree to grasp when  
it wants the Forest to ring  
green is a precious gift from birth  
that tells an intense tale of  
strength and frailty together

Do not let your tears fall:  
Pick them up from the ground one by one.  
Even if you have cried all the tears you can hold  
Neither heaven nor earth can help you.

Tu Fu

As I lie on my taffeta every morning,  
Sans the breathing specimens of passing time,  
I wait with my flowers for water and my grass  
be cut,

For the seeing blind to pass and turn away,  
For the harmless sun,  
For the skimming wind,  
For the seeping rain,  
And for the joy of being so supine.

Andy Meier

"He is at ease in sincerity. Very rare"  
Albert Camus



I

in a dream I saw imaginary you's:  
around the flatness of your mind  
wandering in and out the nakedness.  
and desire...

i  
like the only truth in relative truthfulness,  
stumble;  
over small stubs of nothingness.  
away, awaywardly  
sending hope of,  
of never to be learned falsehoods

that;  
like some amoebial floating object;  
surrounding themselves  
in themselves!

II

why dream of abstract- real things...?  
to hope for better  
truer  
lovelier...  
may be even....

III

you said:  
"  
and it was the end.

Judy Dandor

# the foiler!

We used to make mouse traps. That's all. Just mouse traps. But as sales fell and the amount of violence on T.V. grew, well, we felt that America was in need of a replacement for that passive, old mousetrap of yesterday. That's why we've turned our forces to the production of these tiny execution stands for mice. Now you can have all the violent fun of watching the mouse die as he squeaks, "Curses, foiled again!"

Buy Gillettine execution stands at your drug-store. Replacement "foiler" blades available with the new miracle plastic coating which cuts clean every time avoiding that "close shave".

